

THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. JORDAN.

FEW beings experienced more forcibly the extremes of happiness and misery than the subject of this memoir; at one time we shall find her wealthy, courted, flattered, revelling in splendour, the envied object of a Prince's warmest love, idolized by the public, proclaimed the *Thalia* of the day, no less by the critics than by the voice of the multitude—"her smile was fortune, and her will was fate;" at another period, "such are thy slippery turns, O world," we shall see her in a foreign land, poor, disconsolate, friendless, "deserted in her utmost need, by those her former bounty fed," separated from all that she held dear, and dying without one friend to pay the last sad offices of respect.

"No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;"

and if not by "strangers honoured," at least by strangers mourned.

DOROTHEA JORDAN was born in Ireland, in the year 1766. Her mother was the daughter of a clergyman in Wales, whose charms and simplicity kindled a passion in the breast of Captain Bland, an Irish officer of great personal accomplishments, who happened to be on duty in the principality. At his persuasion, she eloped with him to Ireland, where they were married, though both under age. This union produced nine children, for the support of whom they were induced to try the profession of the stage. The husband did not long continue a votary of *Thespis*; for, from what motive we cannot say, he acquiesced in the proceedings of his father, a civilian in Dublin, who procured the marriage to be annulled, as being contracted in minority, that his son might receive the hand of a lady of large fortune, who had long been his professed admirer. Mrs. Jordan's mother remained on the stage under the name of Miss G. Phillips; and Tate Wilkinson relates that he saw her play *Desdemona* at Dublin in 1758.

The subject of this memoir made her *début* at Dublin, as *Phœbe*, in the comedy of *As You like it*, under the management of Mr. Ryder; but fearful of offending her father's relatives, for whose favours she still hoped, she assumed the name of Miss Francis. Though her efforts were little encouraged, she entered into the spirit of the profession, studied a great variety of characters, and perfected herself in all the accomplishments necessary to constitute a first-rate performer. She was afterwards engaged at Daly's theatre, where she appeared to great advantage in tragedy, and particularly as *Adelaide*, in *The Count of Narbonne*, till she attracted the notice of one of the proprietors,

who presuming upon his situation, and not finding that ready compliance with his wishes to which he conceived himself entitled, had recourse to the most brutal violence. We subjoin an interesting account of her early performances from a work* lately published:—

"At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan, she could not be much more, I think, than sixteen years of age; and was making her *début*, as Miss Francis, at the Dublin Theatre. It is worthy of observation, that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterwards so eminently excelled; but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and her age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art; yet could not but observe, that in these parts she was *perfect* even on her first appearance: she had no art, in fact, to study; nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tear swelled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty; her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement—impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances. Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonized blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual *sympathy*; and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author, to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering bravura. She was, throughout, the untutored child of nature; she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her "Dead of the Night," and her "Sweet Bird," either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion."

She instantly fled from Dublin, accompanied by her mother, repaired to England, and proceeding to Leeds, where the York company were then performing, immediately solicited an engagement of Mr. Wilkinson, the manager.

The appearance of the family at this time, according to Tate, was truly deplorable; but in the midst of their distress and poverty, her affection towards her mother was strikingly displayed. Upon Tate's asking her what line of parts she felt competent to attempt, she immediately answered, "All." He promised her an immediate trial, and resolved in a measure to gratify her. Comedy, however, was not at this time looked upon as her *forte*. "There was not," says Wilkinson, "the least trait of comic powers in the features or manner of the young lady; indeed, quite the reverse—dejected, melancholy, tears in her eyes, and a languor that, without the help of words, pleaded wonderfully for assistance." Wilkinson, indeed, is said, we know not upon what grounds, to have felt for the young lady a warmer sentiment than that excited by mere admiration of her professional talents.

She appeared at Leeds on the 11th of July, 1782, as Calista; and, after the play, came forward, in a frock and a mob-cap, to sing a song called "The Greenwood Laddie." She played and sung so admirably, that she perfectly enraptured the audience, and was immediately engaged at a respectable salary. She had at first been announced in the bills as a Miss Bland, but this, by her mother's desire, was changed to Miss Frances. From Leeds she proceeded with the com-

* Sir J. Barrington's Personal Sketches.

pany to York, where they remained during the race-week; and on their return to Leeds, the name of Miss Frances, for *pregnant* reasons, gave way to that of Mrs. Jordan. On the 18th of October, 1782, when at Sheffield, she narrowly escaped being hurried off the scene of life by an accident. In an opera, called *The Fair American*, while she was performing with Knight, the then Liverpool manager, a heavy scene, such as is generally called a curtain-scene, with a roller of immense weight, gave way, and fell from the ceiling close to their feet. Had it struck either of them on the head, it must have caused immediate death.

During her stay in the York company, though she acquired considerable fame at the several towns in the circuit, Doncaster, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, &c., she of course paid the tax always attendant upon celebrity, and was compelled to endure the attacks of envy and scandal, which, in a few instances, succeeded in raising a partial feeling of hostility towards her amongst the audience; but the triumphs of her opponents were of short duration. At one period, her own indolence appeared likely to prove more fatal to her reputation than the most inveterate efforts of her enemies; and so much had her carelessness damped the admiration of the amateurs, that her last benefit at Leeds, in July, 1785, was very thinly attended. It is somewhat remarkable, that, during her stay in Yorkshire, Mrs. Jordan scarcely made any attempts in that line of characters, the hoydens and romps, her performance of which in London chiefly established her reputation. Her principal parts were such as Zara, Jane Shore, Indiana, Calista, William (*Rosina*), Patrick (*Poor Soldier*), Lady Bell, Lady Teazle, &c. She owed her engagement at Drury Lane to the favourable report of Gentleman Smith, who, having seen her perform, wrote so warmly in her praise to the managers, that they immediately tendered her an engagement. She accordingly prepared to visit London, though, it may be presumed, without looking forward to great success; and Tate Wilkinson records, that Mrs. Siddons being present one evening when she was playing Patrick, at Leeds, in the autumn of 1785, "seemed to think that she had better remain where she was, than venture on the London boards." Her last performance in the York company was in the character of Patrick, at Wakefield, on the 9th of September, 1785.

On the 18th of October following, she appeared at Drury Lane as Peggy, in *The Country Girl*; and, perhaps, no subsequent *début*, except that of the young Roscius, has excited so great a sensation in the dramatic world. Her salary was immediately doubled, and afterwards trebled, and for many years was the highest ever paid at Drury Lane; indeed, at one time she received 50*l.* a week. In the summer of 1786, she played one night at Leeds, on her way to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and one or two nights on her way home. She also performed at York in 1791.

At this period Mrs. Jordan was living with Mr. Ford, son of Sir Richard Ford, chief magistrate of Bow-street, to whom she had borne several children, having been every where introduced into society as his wife.

While following her engagement at Drury-lane theatre, during the winter of 1791, Mrs. Jordan attracted universal attention in personi-

fying the character of Little Pickle, in *The Spoiled Child*, in the course of which she used to sing, with an archness never to be forgotten, the ballad commencing with the lines,

“ I am a young and sprightly lad.”

In which song, it is said, she so fascinated the duke of Clarence, that he shortly after made proposals to Mrs. Jordan, offering a settlement of one thousand pounds a year, in the event of her quitting Mr. Ford, and throwing herself under his protection. Having for such a length of time lived as the lawful wife of Mr. Ford, Mrs. Jordan could not be prevailed upon to embrace the offer made her, until, by the advice of friends, she was led to reflect that Mr. Ford having uniformly evaded the promises of marriage solemnly made in the first instance, she, in the event of his death or desertion, having no legal demand upon him, would be left to support his offspring, without any claim, save that which his liberality might think fit to bestow. Thus circumstanced, the proposal of Mrs. Jordan was to the following effect: that, having so many years lived with him in the character of wife, without reproach, she conceived herself entitled to his hand; and that, in case of refusal, for the benefit of her offspring, (the fruits of her intercourse with him), she conceived herself at liberty to accept the proposal and settlement tendered by her new admirer. Mr. Ford refused to comply with the above proposal, and the result was the immediate separation of Mrs. Jordan from Mr. Ford, and her becoming the partner of his Royal Highness.

On the conflagration of Drury-lane theatre, 1809, it was stated that she sustained a considerable loss in clothes and jewels; and from that period the decline of her fortunes may be dated. She left the company upon their proceeding to the Lyceum, and we believe, performed at several provincial theatres, till 1811, when she appeared at Covent-garden, on the 2d of July, as the Widow Cheerly, and played there for ten nights during the remainder of the season. In 1813, she entered into a regular engagement, for two years, with the Covent-garden managers, and commenced, on the 10th of February, as Violante in *The Wonder*. Upon this occasion a most brutal and disgusting attack upon her private and public character appeared in one of the daily papers, which excited the just animadversion of a contemporary; to the editor of the latter Mrs. Jordan addressed the following letter.—

“ SIR,—Though I did not see the Morning Print that contained the paragraph alluded to in your liberal and respectable paper of yesterday, yet I was not long left in ignorance of the abuse it poured out against me. This I could silently have submitted to; but I was by no means aware that the writer of it had taken that opportunity of throwing out insinuations, which he thought might be injurious to a no less honourable than illustrious personage.

“ In the love of truth, and in justice to his Royal Highness, I think it my duty, thus publicly and unequivocally, to declare that *his liberality to me has been noble and generous in the highest degree*; but, not having it in his power to extend his bounty beyond the term of his own existence, he has, with his accustomed goodness and consideration, allowed me to endeavour to make that provision for myself, which an event, that better feelings than those of interest make me hope I shall never live to see, would entirely deprive me of. This, then, Sir, is my motive for returning to my profession. I am too happy in having reason to believe that, under these circumstances, I shall not offend the public at large, by seeking their

support and protection ; and while I feel that I possess those, I shall patiently submit to that species of unmanly persecution, which a female, so peculiarly situated, must always be subject to. Ever ready to acknowledge my deficiencies, in every respect, I trust I may add that I shall never be found wanting in candour and gratitude ; nor forgetful of the veneration that every individual should feel for the good opinion of the public.

"I remain, Sir, your much obliged, humble Servant,
"D. JORDAN."

A general feeling of indignation was manifested against the writer of the article above noticed ; and it was on all hands acknowledged that, whatever might have been Mrs. Jordan's errors, nothing could palliate so dastardly an attack upon her ; an attack as unprovoked as unmanly ; and which could be accounted for only by supposing that the writer was actuated by feelings of revenge for some fancied slight or injury. The public sentiment upon the occasion was strongly manifested towards her, a few evenings after, while she was playing Nell in *The Devil to Pay*. The following words are addressed to the character :—" You have an honest face, and need not be ashamed of showing it any where." This passage was received with shouts of exultation, and three rounds of applause, which so overcame her, that she burst into a flood of tears. It is to be hoped that her anonymous assailant was present at this scene.

At Covent-garden she remained till the close of the season 1813-14, when she closed her professional career in London. The last *new* character she appeared in was that of Barbara, in a forgotten comedy of Kenney's, called *Debtor and Creditor*. Though she performed occasionally with all her early ability during her closing scenes, it was often evident that her spirits were on the wane. Her extreme lustiness also greatly diminished the effect of many of the juvenile characters which she assumed ; and it must be confessed, that her appearing thus in the decline of her powers, was greatly to be lamented.

After leaving Covent-garden in 1813-14, she played, we believe, at the English theatre, in Brussels, Sept. 1814, opening in *Violante*. She was at Newcastle seven nights in December, 1814 ; and in July and August, 1815, she played ten nights at Margate, where, we think, she closed her dramatic existence,

"Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show."

Of the last two years of Mrs. Jordan's life, we abstract an affecting statement from a work entitled "Personal Sketches."

On the Continent, estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession, the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy ; mental malady soon communicated its contagion to the physical organization, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady. She established herself, in the first place, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquette, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock (comprising less than half an acre), formed her demesne.

"After Mrs. Jordan had left Boulogne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, totally secluded,

and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression, and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters, by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair, as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature. I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Boulogne. Not a mile intervened between us; yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighbourhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness, so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we are told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome! The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient; just the sort of place which would tell in description in a romance. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman: and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby; no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best looking piece of furniture; on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired. The account given to us of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring, which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets; and, on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir.

"From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears, Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Latterly she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual: her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discoloured. From morning till night she lay sighing upon her sofa. At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters; and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful; her eyes were now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C——, before the usual hour of delivery, to *go for her letters* to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told her *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless; looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again, as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sunk back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who, however, had gone out, and Mr. C—— returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him; she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not—no tear flowed; her face was one moment flushed, and another livid; she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C—— stood uncertain what to do: but in a minute, he heard her breath drawn, more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady, discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more! Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex; thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Forster, chaplain to the ambassador."

Owing to our having been disappointed about the engraving of Mrs. Jordan's Tomb, we must postpone certain portions of her memoir till next month.

In consequence of the *advertisement* (contained in the present *Notanda*) respecting Mrs. Jordan drawing forth some animadversions, a statement appeared, signed "John Barton, Royal Mint," and dated Jan. 24, 1824, the writer of which, after saying "It was through my hands the whole transaction, upon the separation of the Duke and Mrs. J., passed, in 1811," proceeds thus:—

"It was agreed that Mrs. J. should have the care, until a certain age, of her four youngest daughters; and a settlement was made by the Duke, for the payment by him of the following sums:—

" For the maintenance of his four daughters	£1500	per ann.
For a house and carriage for their use	600	
For Mrs. J.'s own use	1500	
And to enable Mrs. J. to make a provision for three married daughters, children of a former connexion	800	
		£4400

"It was a stipulation in the settlement, that, in the event of Mrs. J.'s resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the 1500*l.* for their maintenance, should revert to His Royal Highness; and this event did actually take place in the course of a few months."

He then proceeds to state that in September, 1815, Mrs. J. was embarrassed, and fearful of immediate arrest, through the treachery of "a near relation, in whom she had placed the greatest confidence."

"Acceptances had been given by her, *in blank*, upon stamped paper, which she supposed were for small amounts, but which afterwards appeared to have been laid before her capable of carrying larger sums."

Under these circumstances he counselled her to retire to France, which recommendation she adopted. A letter from her, which he subjoins, dated "Paris, 18th Jan. 1816," gives a most distressing account of her state of mind.

Letters of Administration to Mrs. J.'s effects were taken out at Doctors' Commons, by the Treasury Solicitor, 24th May, 1817, and the property sworn to be under 300*l.*

We terminate our present notice with the following verses, which were written by Mrs. Jordan shortly after the decease of her beloved mother, to whose wants it had ever been the highest gratification of her life to attend. The lines exhibit, in a most beautiful manner, the grief and filial devotion of the writer, and the poetry is not unworthy of the sentiments.

"ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

BE ready, Reader, if thou hast a tear,
Nor blush if sympathy bestows it here!
For a lost mother, hear a daughter's moan;
Catch the sad sounds, and learn like her to groan!
Yet, e'en those groans, sad echoes all to mine,
Must prove faint offerings at so dear a shrine.
If feebler these, how feebler far must be
The tribute to be paid by Poesy!

The bleeding heart, that's whelm'd with real woe,
Affects no flow'rs near Helicon that grow ;
Sobs and swoln sighs ill suit smooth-number'd lays,—
The tear that waters cypress, drowns the bays.

Hard, then, must be the task, in mournful verse,
The praise of a lost parent to rehearse.
Mild suffering saint, exemplary through life,
A tender mother, and a patient wife ;
Whose firm fidelity no wrongs could shake,
While curb'd resentment was forbid to speak.
Thus, silent anguish mark'd her for her own,
And comfort, coming late, was barely known ;
It, like a shadow, smil'd, and slipp'd away,
For, churlish Death refused to let it stay ;
A two-fold dart he levell'd, to destroy,
At once, both mother's life and daughter's joy.
Better a double summons had been giv'n,
To wipe our sorrow's score, and make all ev'n,
By kindly calling both at once to Heav'n!"

(To be concluded next Month.)

NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

No. II.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

THE following paragraph, from a newspaper of the year 1804, is a dramatic relic of some curiosity. It conveyed to Londoners the first intelligence of that prodigy, about which, shortly after, they all went out of their senses :—

"A very extraordinary phenomenon has lately burst upon the theatrical world. A boy of the name of Beatie, not exceeding twelve years of age, reads and enacts the principal of Shakspeare's characters in a style of superiority that astonishes the most experienced actors. He has performed in Ireland, and is now exciting general astonishment in Edinburgh. Off the stage his manners are puerile, as he is often seen playing at marbles in a morning, and afterwards Richard the Third in the evening. He is rather short of his age, slight made, but has great expression of countenance. The moment he begins to converse upon stage-business, he appears an inspired being. He has a pleasant turn of repartee, which makes his company much sought for. The Edinburgh manager expressed his fears, at the first rehearsal, that his voice would not fill the house. 'My dear sir,' replied the little hero of the buskin, 'I beg you will be under no apprehension on that score, for if my voice does not fill your house, probably my playing will.'

Infant prodigies are now too common to excite much sensation; but when Betty appeared, the thing was a novelty, and people went mad about it to a degree, that future generations will be slow to credit. Amid the general excitement, however, some few retained their

senses, and by one of these, the following lines, which placed the affair in its true light, were sent to a magazine :

“ Pray what is Master Betty like,
Who thus the public mind does strike?
He’s like another little thing,—
A watch upon a finger-ring ;
For though, indeed, full well we know
That larger watches better go ;
Yet, as the toy’s so light and small,
The wonder is it goes at all.”

The fickle multitude, as usual, soon loathed the idol they had previously worshipped ; and, after three or four years, Betty was decried just as unreasonably as he had been applauded. About 1810, having performed in one of Hannah More’s tragedies, at (I think) Liverpool, there appeared the following unceremonious comment :—

“ Betty’s career is past and o’er,
That scene of folly, noise, and whim ;
We don’t object to *Hannah More*,
But wish to *ha’ no more* of him.”

THE EARLIEST FEMALE DRAMATIST

Was Mary Herbert, Countess Dowager of Pembroke (see her life in the *Biographia Dramatica*). It was on her that Johnson wrote the well-known epitaph, commencing “ Underneath this sable hearse ;” and in her honour, John Davies, an author of Elizabeth’s time, invented a new species of acrostic, in the form of a poem ; which, with laborious ingenuity, expresses the name of its object by the capital letters in the final line (omitting the first). The concluding couplet is subjoined :—

“ The last line next ensues. Your praise and wit’s behind :
For—May All Raise Your Price Except Men Being Rude Of Kind.”

HOME’S DOUGLAS.

The horror excited among the Scotch Presbyteries, by the production of this play, has often been described ; but in the *Scots’ Magazine*, for December, 1756, there are some curious statements relating to the matter which Home’s biographer appears generally to have overlooked, and which, therefore, are worth extracting. In the first place, the great attraction of the piece is thus narrated :—

“ *Douglas*, a new tragedy, written by Mr. John Home, minister of Athelstonford, was acted at the theatre in Edinburgh, on the 14th of December, and several succeeding play-nights. This tragedy was never acted before ; and it is believed there never was so great a run on a play in this country. Persons of all ranks and professions crowded to it ; and many had the mortification to find the house so full, when they came to the door, that they could not get in. Though the tragedy is not yet published, the critics have been exercising their wits in panegyrics and satires on the play, players, and audience. Some ministers of the Established Church having been to see this play acted, the Presbytery of Edinburgh has taken notice of it, by letters to the presbyteries of which they are members.”

In addition to this, the Presbytery circulated a prosy "Exhortation and Admonition" upon the subject, dated January 5, 1757.* These proceedings were generally approved and seconded by the Presbyteries to which those ministers belonged who had been present at the unhallowed amusement, and who, accordingly, were either rebuked or suspended. The Presbytery of Dunse, however, formed an exception, and with much liberality and spirit, refused to interfere with the conduct of their ministers; thus retorting upon the fanatics:—

"We cannot but look upon your letter as an unconstitutional attempt of one Presbytery to anticipate the judgment, and regulate the conduct of another." With much more to the same effect, in a cutting strain of remonstrance.

The excuses urged by some of the culprits are highly amusing. Mr. White, minister of Libberton, who was one of them, pleaded that "he had gone to the play-house only once, and had then endeavoured to conceal himself in a corner, to avoid giving offence." Mr. Steel also, the minister of Stair, stated that although it was true he had visited the play-house, yet "it was so great a distance from his own parish, that he had no reason to apprehend he should be known."

The proceedings of the Edinburgh Presbytery were seconded by that of Glasgow, the members of which drew up, and published in the newspapers, a set of resolutions, lamenting "the melancholy but notorious fact, that a minister of the Church of Scotland did himself write and compose a Stage-Play, entitled *The Tragedy of Douglas*, and got it to be acted on the theatre at Edinburgh; and that he, with several other ministers of the church, was present, and some of them oftener than once, at the acting of the said play, before a numerous audience."

Notwithstanding all this, *Douglas* continued to be acted; and the same number of the *Edinburgh Courant* which published the aforesaid resolutions, contained also an advertisement of the tragedy, "with material alterations by the author." Such contumacy redoubled the efforts of his adversaries; and the Presbytery of Dunse, in allusion to these "alterations," declared that *Douglas* "encouraged the crime of suicide, and contained such dreadful oaths or expressions, and mock prayers, as were so offensive even to the audiences who encourage the stage, that they were struck out or varied at the next representation."

Home was at length compelled to yield to the storm he had excited. The *Scots' Magazine*, for 1757, p. 274, says, "Mr. John Home, minister of Athelstonford, author of *The Tragedy of Douglas*, preached his farewell sermon to his congregation on Sunday, June 5, (which drew tears from many of the people;) and gave in a demission of his charge to the Presbytery of Haddington on the 7th."

About this time Hume dedicated to Home, his *Four Dissertations*, 1757.

* One passage of this paper says:—"The Presbytery, in the year 1717, when consisting of many pious, prudent, and learned ministers, whose praise is in all the churches, did prepare a paper, which was read from the several pulpits within their bounds, warning the people against the dangerous infection of the theatre then erected here."

“ GOD SAVE THE KING.”

At the present moment, when “every puny whipster” is busy in re-modelling the anthem, it may not be ill-timed to lay before the readers of the *Dramatic Magazine* the following version, which was sung nightly at the London theatres, during the advance of the rebel forces under the Pretender, in 1745 :—

“ God save our valiant King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

“ George is magnanimous,
Subjects unanimous ;
Peace to us bring !
His fame is glorious,
Reign meritorious,
Let him rule over us,
God save the King !

“ From France and Pretender,
Great Britain defend her,
Foes let them fall !
From foreign slavery,
Priests and their knavery,
And popish reverie,
God save us all !

FIRST AND SECOND GREEN-ROOMS.

Till about the middle of the last century, a second green-room was a thing unheard of, the players continuing to assemble in common in the “tyring-house” of the early theatres ; but when dancing began to form a principal portion of the entertainments, the capers and twirlings of the figurantes were found to interfere so seriously with the studies of the performers, while reading over their parts, that a separate room was assigned to them and the inferior actors. Quin, one evening, being pestered and put beyond all patience by the perpetual motions of the dancers, called out to the prompter, “Why don’t you hang these puppets upon pegs till they are wanted !”

MRS. JORDAN.

The subjoined advertisement, relating to the affairs of this ill-starred woman, is copied from the *Morning Post*, of December 8, 1823. What a strange mixture of feelings is such a document calculated to excite :—

“DOROTHEA JORDAN DECEASED.—The creditors of Dorothea Jordan, late of Englefield-green, and Cadogan-place, Sloane-street, in the County of Middlesex, spinster, deceased, who have proved their debts, may receive a dividend of five shillings in the pound, by applying at the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, No. 5, Stone-buildings, Lincoln’s-inn. And those creditors who have not yet proved their debts, are requested forthwith to furnish the Solicitor of the Treasury with proof thereof.”

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, M.A.

“ Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
 Had in him those brave translunary things
 That your first poets had ; his raptures were
 All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
 For that fine madness still did he retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.”

Drayton.

THE memorials of Marlowe's life which have come down to us are so confused and uncertain, that the most unwearied industry cannot flatter itself with success in the inquiry. He was born, as it is conjectured, about the year 1562, was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. 1583, and M.A. 1587 ; and came to a tragical and premature end before 1593. The manner of his death is differently related, and a degree of obscurity hangs over his life, as well as the termination of it. According to one account, he is stated to have fallen by the hand of Ben Jonson ; and Anthony Wood relates his death in the following manner :—“ Being deeply in love with a girl of low station, he found himself rivalled by a fellow in livery, who had more the appearance of a pimp than a man formed for the tender and generous passion of love. Marlowe finding the fellow with his mistress, and having some reasons to suspect that she granted him favours, drew his dagger (a weapon at that time universally worn), and rushed upon him to stab him ; but the footman, being nimble, warded off the impending stroke ; and seizing hold of Marlowe's wrist, turned the fatal point, and plunged the poniard into its master's head, of which wound, notwithstanding all possible care being taken of him, he died soon after, in the year 1593.” There is, however, another and apparently an authentic account of the death of Marlowe, for the particulars of which the public are indebted to the indefatigable research of a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

“ That Marlowe came to a disastrous and untimely end is beyond a doubt. The exact time and place of this occurrence, with the name of the person who slew him, had escaped the curious research of all preceding inquirers ; and for the hint which helped me to these pieces of information I am indebted to a puritanical work by W. Vaughan, called the ‘ *Golden Grove Moralized*, 1600, 12mo.’ which, enumerating the judgments that have overtaken blasphemers and atheists, has this description of poor Marlowe's catastrophe :—

“ ‘ Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlowe, by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about seven yeeres a-goe, wrote a book against the Trinitie. But, see the effects of God's justice ! It so hap'ned that at Deptford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poynard one named Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feaste, and was then playing at tables, he quickly perceyuing it, so auoided the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stab'd this Marlowe into the eye in such sort, that, his braynes coming out at the dagger's point, he shortly after dyed. Thus doth God, the true executioner of diuine justice, worke the end of impious atheists.’ ”

“ The mention of Deptford in this account,” continues the writer,

"induced me to imagine that some record of Marlowe's burial might possibly be in existence there. My inquiry was attended with success, as will appear by the following transcript from the church books, made in February, 1820 :—

"Extract from the register of Burials in the Parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford :—' 1st June, 1593, Christopher Marlow, slaine by Ffrancis Archer.' A True Copy—D. Jones, Minister."*

Wood considers the manner of our author's death as an immediate judgment on the unhappy sufferer for his blasphemies and impiety. It is impossible, however, at this remote period, to form any satisfactory opinion upon the question of Marlowe's imputed blasphemies. The charge originated with Beard, who affirmed that Marlowe was an atheist, and "*not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also, as it is credibly reported, wrote booke against it; affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver and Moses to be but a coniurer, and seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policie.*"† It was thence transcribed by Anthony Wood, and has now become an accredited verity; although the story rests entirely upon the authority of Beard (for we do not hear of a single individual who had either read or seen it) who goes no further than saying that *it was credibly reported*.

But let us now quit his character in a religious point of view, and proceed to consider him as a dramatic author; and, in this light, he must be allowed to have had great merit. He is the greatest name on the theatrical roll before Shakspere, and was the first dramatic writer "who sounded the depths of the human heart, and discovered the rocks and quicksands of passion beneath the surface," and who, "in searching the great deep, brought up a profusion of the pearls and precious gems of poetry which are found therein."‡ His turn was entirely to Tragedy, in which kind of writing he has left the six following testimonials of his abilities. §

1. *Tamberlaine the Great*, in two parts, 1590, 1606. 2. *Edward II.* 1592. 3. *The Massacre of Paris* (no date). 4. *The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus*, 1604. 5. *The Rich Jew of Malta*, 1633. 6. *Lust's Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen*, 1657. Besides these plays he assisted Nash in the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, and Day, in the comedy of the *Maiden's Holiday*, which was never printed. He was also the author of the first, second, and part of the third sestads of the poem of *Hero and Leander*, written with great freedom, spirit and poetry. Ben Jonson, speaking of this poem, said it was fitter for admiration than parallel. It was afterwards completed by Chapman, though not with the same spirit and invention as the original. Marlowe also translated the first Lucan's *Pharsalia* into English blank verse, and the *Elegies of Ovid*, the licentiousness of which he rendered with such fidelity, that his book was condemned and burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Notwith-

* See an interesting Paper "On the dramatic Writers who preceded Shakspere, and especially of Christopher Marlowe," by Mr. James Broughton, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, February, March and April, 1830.

† *The Theatre of God's Judgments*, 1597, Thomas Beard, chap. 23.

‡ *Retrospective Review*, Vol. IV. p. 146.

§ *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. I. Part II. art. Marlowe.

standing all his powerful claims to our admiration, Marlowe is scarcely known at present but as the author of the following beautiful song, which is quoted in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Scene 1, called the

PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

“ Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasure prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of mrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
If these, these pleasures can thee move
To live with me and be my love.”

The tragedies of *Dr. Faustus*, and *Edward II.* are of a much higher order than any of Marlowe's other plays;—it is in them that his genius shines with its proper lustre, and on them must his reputation as an original poet rest. The history of Faustus is familiar to all;—in Marlowe's tragedy the sole interest centres in the learned person who gives the title to it, and who, having travelled round the circle of all sciences, addicts himself to the practice of magic. For a reign of twenty-four years on earth he barters an immortality of happiness in heaven. The play embraces the whole of this period—his unholy compact—his various enjoyments—and the termination of his worldly career.

How Faustus fell to the Study of Magic.

—Born of parents base of stock
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes:
At riper years to Wirtemberg he went,
Whereat his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all—and sweetly can dispute
In the heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting, heaven conspir'd his overthrow;
For falling to a dev'lish exercise,

* Sir Walter Raleigh wrote an Imitation of and Reply to this Song, both of which pieces are printed in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. I. p. 218.

And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

Enter a Good and BAD ANGEL.

Good Angel. O Faustus! lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head—
Read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

Bad Angel. Go forward, Faustus, with that famous art
Wherein all nature's treasure is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faustus. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprize I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;—
And I that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd the Pastors of the German church,
And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal Spirits
On sweet Museus when he came to hell;
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Valdes (to Faustus). These books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;

Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides :
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than has the white breast of the Queen of Love.
From Venice they shall drag whole argosies ;
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury ;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faustus (to Valdes). As resolute am I in this
As those to live—therefore object it not.

FAUSTUS discourses with MEPHISTOPHILIS respecting HELL.

Faustus. First I will question thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell ?

Mephistophilis. Under the heavens.

Faustus. Aye, so are all things else ; but whereabouts ?

Mephos. Within the bowels of these elements ;
Where we are tortured and remain for ever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place ; but where we are is hell ;
And where hell is there must we ever be :
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. I think hell is a mere fable.

Mephos. Ah ! think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faustus is urged to repent, &c.

Old Man. O, gentle Faustus ! leave this damned art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persevere in it like a devil :
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature ;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late ;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven ;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be, this my exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant ; let it not ;
For gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love
And pity of thy future misery ;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

Faustus. Where art thou, Faustus ? Wretch, what hast thou done ?

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger]

Hell claims his right, and, with a roaring voice,
Says, " Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come."
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old Man. Oh ! stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps :
I see an angel hover o'er thine head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul ;
Then call for mercy and avoid despair.

Faustus. O friend, I feel thy words to comfort my distressed soul;
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [Exit.]

Faustus. Accursed Faustus! wretch! what hast thou done?

I do repent. And yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Mephos. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faustus. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephostophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood I will again confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Mephos. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

Faustus. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Mephos. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faustus. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longings of my heart's desire:
That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

Mephos. This or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

[Enter HELEN, passing over between two Cupids.]

Faustus. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see, where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest.
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Faustus on the night of his death.

[Enter the Scholars.]

Faustus. Gramercy Wagner; welcome gentlemen.*1st Schol.* Now worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.*Faustus.* Oh! gentlemen.*2d Schol.* What ails Faustus?*Faustus.* Ah my sweet chamber-fellow! had I lived with thee, Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.

Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

1st Schol. O, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?*2d Schol.* Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?*3d Schol.* He is not well, with being over solitary.*2d Schol.* If it be so we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.*3d Schol.* 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir; fear nothing.*Faustus.* A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.*2d Schol.* Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.*Faustus.* But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh! gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness; yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?*2d Schol.* Yet, Faustus, call on God.*Faustus.* On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh! my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul. Oh! he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!*All.* Who, Faustus?*Faustus.* Why Lucifer and Mephophilis. Oh! gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.*All.* Oh! God forbid!*Faustus.* God forbad it, indeed, but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.*1st Schol.* Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?*Faustus.* Oft have I thought to have done so, but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.*2d Schol.* Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?*Faustus.* Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.*3d Schol.* God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.*1st Schol.* Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.*Faustus.* Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.*2d Schol.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.*Faustus.* Gentlemen, Farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.*All.* Faustus, farewell. [Exeunt Scholars.]*Meph.* Ah! Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven, Therefore despair, think only upon hell; For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faustus. Oh, thou bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation
Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

Mephos. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
Twas I that, when thou wert i' the way to heaven,
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou look'd the book
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late, despair! Farewell!
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [Exit.]

* * * * *

[*The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faustus. Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually;
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh! I'll leap up to heaven! who pulls me down!
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. Oh! spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'tis gone!
And see, a threat'ning arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No! then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O no, it will not harbour me.
Yon stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

[*The clock strikes.*]

Oh! half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish breast.
All beasts are happy; for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

It strikes! it strikes! now body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul! be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er to be found. [Thunder.]

[Enter the DEVILS.]

Oh! mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Oh, Mephastophilis! [Exeunt.]

[Enter the SCHOLARS.]

1st Schol. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

2d Schol. Oh! help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3d Schol. The devils, whom Faustus served, have torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2d Schol. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [Exeunt.]

T. H. K.

A COMPANION TO SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS;

With Critical Remarks upon the most celebrated of his Female Characters.

By W. C. STAFFORD.

SHAKSPEARE'S works are now in every body's hands; and in many instances they are printed without note or comment. To those readers who possess these editions, a short account of the sources from which the materials for each drama were drawn, with other particulars respecting them, will not, it is thought, prove unacceptable; and the pages of the *Dramatic Magazine* are considered as a favourable medium for giving them to the world. There is one point, too, on which the numerous commentators of Shakspeare have not done him justice; I mean the unrivalled excellence of many of his female characters. The writer has subjoined to the notice of each play a few elucidatory remarks on the principal female characters it contains; which are not offered as specimens of elaborate criticism, but merely as an attempt, however feeble, to show that Shakspeare has displayed invention as fertile, genius as diversified, and talent as splendid in the delineation of the women, as he has done in depicting the men, who compose his *dramatis personæ*. He has shown us the tender mother, the attached and faithful wife, and the affectionate mistress; he has depicted woman in every stage of her existence: he has exhibited her in the gay and jocund

“hours
That strew her path with summer flow'rs;”

and also in the darker and more stormy periods, when

“ Firm on the scaffold she has stood,
Besprinkled with a martyr's blood : ”

when

“ Her voice the patriot's heart has steel'd ;
Her spirit 's glow'd on battle field ;
Her courage 's freed from dungeon's gloom
The captive, brooding o'er his doom ;
Her faith 's the fallen monarch saved ;
Her love 's the tyrant's fury braved.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Dr. Johnson declares *Romeo and Juliet* to be “one of the most pleasing of Shakspeare's performances ; and Schekgel, the German critic, expresses himself in terms equally laudatory. It is indeed a production of exquisite beauty ; one in which all the elements of tragedy are contained : and whilst the dramatic interest is sustained from the first to the last scene, the language is purely poetical : it resembles the mellifluous song of the nightingale ; and falls upon the ear—“like the sweet south, breathing o'er a bed of violets.”

This play was written, according to Chalmers, in 1592 ; Drake, however, thinks it was not written till 1593 ; and Malone fixes its era still later, viz. in 1595. It is now impossible to determine, with absolute certainty, the chronology of Shakspeare's plays : and the inquiry is only worth pursuing, as, could the point be settled, it would enable us to judge of the progression of his abilities, and the improvement of his style.

The story of *Romeo and Juliet* is taken from the Italian *nouvellettes*,—the great storehouse of the plots and plans of not only plays, but other fictitious compositions of the same era. The *La Giulietta* of Luiga da Porto, of Vicenza, was imitated by Bandello, and from him transferred into a French romance by Pierre Boistreau. In 1562, a poem, containing 4000 lines, and entitled *The Tragical Historie of Romeus and Juliett*, was published by Mr. Arthur Brooke, founded on Boistreau's version of the Italian tale : and in 1567, Mr. William Painter inserted a pure translation of the same tale in the second volume of the *Palace of Pleasure*. It is stated also in Mr. Brooke's preface, that a play on the same subject was acted before the publication of his poem, and he copies the argument or narrative, which is almost identically the same with the plot of Shakspeare's drama. This old play, and also the English translation of the tale, agree in the catastrophe ; Romeo having expired before Juliet revives to consciousness and misery. In the drama of Shakspeare the catastrophe is the same. In the original (which probably he had no means of consulting) Juliet revives in Romeo's arms, and an affecting interview takes place between them. When he expires from the effects of the poison she holds her breath, falls on the inanimate corpse of her lover, and dies, the victim of pure and fervent passion.

These are the commonly received accounts of the sources from whence the plot of this divine tragedy was drawn. Within these few years, however, two different translations of a tale have appeared : one under the title of *Mariotto and Ganozza*, in a popular publication now discontinued ;* the other, in a volume of Italian tales, under the title of *The Sleeping Draught* ; which, I agree with Mr. Dunlop in thinking, “must unquestionably be regarded as the origin of the celebrated drama of Shakspeare.” The author, Masuccio Saternitano, was an Italian of noble birth and fair fortune, who passed the hey-dey of his life in the service of the Dukes of Milan. When he found old age unfitting him for the bustle and intrigues of courts, he retired to his domain at Salerno, where he wrote a volume of tales called *Il Novellino*. The first edition was published in 1576, and they soon became amazingly popular. The following is a brief epitome of the one to which allusion is here made.

* The New European Magazine. Vol. I. p. 16.

Mariotto and Ganozza; or, The Sleeping Draught.

Mariotto was a gentleman of fortune and good repute in Sienna, where also dwelt Ganozza, the daughter of a citizen, and a maiden of incomparable beauty. They loved,—a natural consequence, where two young persons, beautiful and accomplished, of different sexes, meet. As our great bard, however, has asserted, “that the path of true love never does run smooth,” so it was with these two lovers. The parents of the lady were opposed to their union: but the lady, as it is quaintly observed by the old novelists, was gifted with prudence as well as with beauty, and she agreed to the suggestion of Mariotto for a secret union, in order that, if their intrigue were found out, they might adduce the sanction of the marriage vows as their justification and excuse. An Augustine friar, for a sum of money, had agreed to perform the ceremony; and for some time after its celebration their felicity was as great as it was possible for those to enjoy who possessed all they loved on earth. Their happiness, however, soon had an end. Mariotto quarrelled with a young noble of Sienna; they fought, and the patrician received a wound of which he died. The survivor was compelled to conceal himself, but though he eluded the search of the officers of justice, he was sentenced to be banished, and the doom fell like the knell of death on the ears of the lovers. Their parting was a scene of woe and wretchedness, which was, however, somewhat cheered by the hope that times would change, and that Mariotto might be suffered once more to revisit his native country, and be blest again with the society of his lady love; it being settled that he should repair to Alexandria, and reside with an uncle, an experienced merchant, till better times dawned upon them. Ganozza was at first allowed to indulge her love and her sorrow without interruption, except the agreeable one occasioned by the receipt of Mariotto's letters. But after some time, her father proposed a marriage to her with a gentleman every way so unexceptionable, that no objection could be offered to him. Her mind was now a conflict of passion, but she soon decided upon the course it was fitting to pursue. Having sent for the holy father who united them, to him she disclosed her intention of following Mariotto, disguised in man's apparel, through the world. To further her purpose, and render it more easy of execution, the friar administered to her a drug, which caused those who took it to assume the semblance of death; and whilst under the influence of its effects, a solemn funeral ceremony was performed, and she was consigned to the tomb. In the middle of the night the venerable father removed her to his cell; and having, by the usual methods, restored animation to her frame, and furnished her with the habit of a monk, they proceeded to the harbour of Pisa, and sailed from thence on board a bark bound to Alexandria. The evil star of Mariotto, however, was in the ascendant. The friar had despatched a messenger to him with the intelligence of Ganozza's intention; but the vessel in which he sailed was captured by corsairs: whilst that in which the friar and Ganozza had taken their passage was detained so long, for the purpose of taking in arms to enable the crew to resist the pirates with which the Mediterranean abounded, that it allowed time for Mariotto to receive letters from his brother, informing him of the death and burial of Ganozza. In a transport of grief he hastened to Sienna; and was sailing to that place in a state of utter wretchedness and desperation, whilst his faithful wife was proceeding to Alexandria, animated by the hope of a happy meeting with the lord of her affection.—Arrived at Sienna, the wretched Mariotto proceeded to the tomb which contained, as he supposed, the remains of her for whom alone life was worth preserving. To this sacred spot he paid daily visits, concealed under the disguise of a pilgrim; and at length, impelled by a desire to embrace the inanimate form of his love, he paid a midnight visit to the spot, furnished with implements for forcing an entrance into the vault. He was discovered by the sacristan in the act of violating the sanctuary of the dead—taken—recognized—sentenced to death—and executed! In the meantime, Ganozza arrived at Alexandria, where she learnt that Mariotto had proceeded to Sienna: the ill-fated lady retraced her steps, and reached her native

town three days after her husband had been beheaded. She sunk under the intelligence—and in a short time also breathed her last!

There are several admirably drawn characters in this play: the love-sick Romeo—the fiery Tibalt—the gay Mercutio—the lovely Juliet—the garrulous Nurse—the holy Friar—are exquisite conceptions, strongly marked and distinctly discriminated. In the closet or on the stage, it is a drama which must interest every one who has a heart to feel and appreciate the productions of genius, and to sympathise with the misfortunes of those who are doomed to bear disappointment's bitter pang, and are made the sport of fortune in all her versatile moods.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

KING'S THEATRE.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON, &c.

SATURDAY, August 7.—*Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Atto Primo.—*Il Turco in Italia*, Atto Primo.—*Masaniello*.

These performances terminated a season which has been very creditable, but we fear, not over profitable to the lessee.* On this a word or two; but first let us make the series of papers hitherto devoted to this house complete, by noticing one or two productions on which we have not as yet said our say, solely because novelty here has of late been so much in the angel-visit fashion, that last month we were fain to cast anchor for sheer want of wind and water wherewithal to sail. Our canvass, however, has now caught the breeze,—the swelling tide leaves our boyant bark,—and we proceed to complete our voyage in good trim.

Signor Curioni, the last to whom we would considerably be remiss, is the first to whom we owe a debt. His benefit, of which we have not yet spoken, was fully attended, and gave great satisfaction. The entertainments were Cimarosa's *Gli Orazi e Curiacci*, the first act of Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*, and a scena from the ballet of *Guillaume Tell*, in which Taglioni figured as usual, *à-la-merveille*. Cimarosa's opera seria is founded, somewhat faithfully, on Livy's version of the domestic history of the Horatii and Curiatii; the music sweet and simple, but weak when compared with the full bluster to which compositions on this scale have latterly been worked up. There is in it, too, a barrenness of melody, and a deficiency of concerted strength, resulting manifestly from the absence of a leading bass part, which, in a manner, impresses the ear with a feeling of incompleteness and disappointment. Still we like the opera; venting now, as on several other occasions, rather our ideas on what the composition has not, than on what it has. In one respect we are surprised it had not more favour with the public: the close of the last act is one of the best we ever saw on the Italian stage; and, beyond question, Madame Malibran's Horatia throughout, but here particularly, was the finest thing the season has produced: without affectation,

* In our July article for this Theatre, there was a misprint, for which we desire to apologize. The new tenor, who has attracted so much celebrity, and has latterly been contesting palms with Pasta at Vienna, (he was the original Gualtero of *Il Pirata*) was called Remorini instead of *Rubigni*. Remorini, an excellent singer, was well known at the King's Theatre, but is now no more. Rubigni is said to exceed him, indeed to be a sort of nonpareil. Madame Pasta, in a letter in which we had a passing critic's glance, pronounces him the first tenor she ever heard. Praise from such lips is praise indeed.

we never saw any character more emphatically enacted. She was very well supported by Donzelli, as her brother Marcus, a part which eminently suited the vigour of his lungs, and by Curioni, who, as her lover Curiazzo, was all she or the audience could desire.

Il Turco in Italia is so well known, that we need only observe it was excellently cast, and has been frequently repeated with excellent effect. Santini's Turco, though perhaps somewhat too vivacious, was still good; while Lablache's Geronio, and Mademoiselle Blasis' Fiorellina were fine counterparts to their Geronimo and Matilda di Shabran. Blasis is a sweet coquette, and trills Rossini's triplets with a crystal liquidity the most exquisite. They say she is going to Madrid, to which we can only add, Laporte forbid, or our heart, yet single, must owe you a grudge for ever.

A remark or so upon the performances for Madame Meric Lalande's benefit, of which hasty mention was made in our last, will nearly suffice to set us right with our readers on the chapter headed 'sins of omission.' As for those of commission, it is our pious design to do severe penance for them from the present hour until the next opening of the Opera;—an eight months' penance, good reader, when we hope to resume our labours, considerably improved in critical capacity.

The performances were *La Donna Caritea*, an opera semi-seria, by Mercadante, in two acts,—its first representation here; *L'Inganno Felice*, an opera buffa, in one act, by Rossini; and a scene or two from *Masanillo*. An outline of the plot of *Donna Caritea* was given in our last, with a summary character of the music, to which it will suffice to add, that it is less like Rossini, though livelier and prettier, than the *Elisa e Claudio* of the earlier part of the season, but in no respect characterised by original genius. Still it is an agreeable opera, and was well given. We were more pleased with *L'Inganno Felice*; it is a neat and simple production, in the author's best style, not in the least aided by scenic decoration, and strikes the ear as barren, having no choruses: thus it is unlikely to be popular with the multitude, but the amateur cannot fail to enjoy it. By the by, some of the newspapers reported that this benefit was numerously attended:—the extreme reverse is the fact. We never saw so thin an audience in this house, and are almost certain the receipts could not have exceeded £150. Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran, we believe, have taken £1500 on a benefit. Does not this decide the question of Madame Meric Lalande's merits as a singer?

Great, we will admit, this lady's voice must have been, or she could not have carried away from critical Italy the enthusiastic tributes of applause which, in different ways, have been popularly recorded to her honour. But the human voice is a most delicate and changeable organ, and in women more so than in men; Lalande, too, is passing into "the sear and yellow leaf" of age; and we can only reconcile what we have heard of her from other countries with what we have felt upon hearing her in our own, by deciding that her prime is gone, and that she is fast losing her voice altogether. Some of our brethren of the crow-quill would fain solve all difficulty by persuading the public that the pitch of her voice is so high, the ear dislikes it, per mere force of its strangeness.—Fudge! there is no point nor argument in such a statement. Madame Lalande has a voice of the highest compass, but necessarily sings her parts in precisely the same key as other singers of her class. It is not therefore the thin elevation of her voice, but its shrill tone,—its hysterical volume,—that is faulty, and offends, as that power always must offend which imparts sharpness for sweetness, and tremor for equality.

Of the season, as a whole, we have not much to report; but the issue by no means compromises the character of the management, which has been liberal and enterprising. Where failure occurred it was not Laporte's fault—his provision was good as far as any manager's can be. He gave a rich salary to high foreign reputation. Here is the misfortune. Such engagements were, and necessarily are always liable to be made on the credit of popularity, the nature and justice of which distance prevents the person most interested from valuing by his own ear and personal discrimination. The failures of this season, however, were rather striking than numerous—occurring more in performers, whose wants could not fail to be most felt than in the body at large. Madame

Pietralia was the first on the list: she was to have been the contralto of the company; and certainly the name she acquired in her own sunny region, entitled her to the rank. But the February fogs of London told a different tale. We still are inclined to think this lady had not the fairest play: she had not perfectly recovered from a severe cold in her last performance; and it was a palpable mistake not to have introduced her in *L'Italiana in Algieri*, or some other character, over which the memory of Pisaroni did not powerfully predominate. Ambrogi was the next disappointment. Every one expected a great deal from the bass, for whom Rossini composed the Podesta of *La Gazza Ladra*; and all were surprised to find him infinitely surpassed by our ancient friend, Pellegrini. The last and greatest reverse was Madame Meric Lalande; according to the heralds, kettle-drums, and trumpets, she was to have had a voice superior to Sontag, and acting powers above Pasta:—yet, hers was “the unkindest cut of all.” No good singer at this theatre ever had so miserable a benefit. Yet she pocketed 2000 guineas salary!! Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, Lablache proved a tower of strength. Malibran, the matchless, she who will be every thing or nothing, did wonders. Santini evinced great versatility, inducing us to believe his voice capable of even more than he has yet made of it. Blasis ran through every round of character, and won fresh favour daily. Donzelli and Curioni fully maintained their former positions. The muse of dance appeared in the person of Taglioni, and all London thronged the house. The King's Theatre was exclusively the vogue when the King died, and the house filled not again until the last two nights of the season.

Thus, in some particulars we could have wished to have fared better ourselves; and are sorry Mr. Laporte should fare badly at all. He certainly did much for our entertainment, and is eminently entitled to our public acknowledgments, which we here beg to render with the best grace. He already promises largely for next year, when, although we do not hear so, we trust we shall have at least a couple of standard ballets. Novelty and improvement in those entertainments is extremely desirable.

G. L. S.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

July 28.—*Rule a Wife and have a Wife.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.*

29.—*Married and Single.—The Force of Nature.—Honest Frauds.*—The Happiest Day of my Life.*

* *Dram. Pers.* — Jack Flammerton, Mr. Vining. Charles Assett, Mr. Brindal. Sir Gregory Gudgeon, Mr. Williams. Harry Onslow, Mr. Horn. Madrigal Merry-patch, Mr. J. Reeve. Barney O'Cag, Mr. Webster. Kitty O'Cag, Mrs. Humby. Mrs. Modely, Mrs. T. Hill. Emma, Mrs. Ashton.

This farce is literally destitute of plot, interest, and incident, and could only have escaped damnation through the lenity or apathy of the audience. The story may thus be told, and really to chronicle such stuff, is as noble an office as chronicling small beer.

Mr. Onslow, a musical genius, was to marry Miss Emma Gudgeon, provided he had obtained a certain portion of professional celebrity in the space of two years. The two years, however, have expired, with the composer's works lying on his publisher's hands, like so many dead letters. Mr. O. is consequently in danger of losing the lady, when Jack Flammerton hits upon the notable expedient of puffing off his friend's fame in the newspapers, buying up all his songs, and finally succeeds in persuading Sir Gregory that his intended son-in-law is really the *popular* composer he wished him to be. There is also, what the papers are pleased to term, an under plot, consisting of the loves of Merry-patch, a singing cobbler, and Kitty O'Cag, a cooper's daughter. The dialogue was very common-place, notwithstanding

July 30.—The Heir at Law.—Honest Frauds.—Separation and Reparation.
 31.—Marriage of Figaro.*—Separation and Reparation.—Honest Frauds.
 Aug. 2.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—Honest Frauds.—
 High Life below Stairs.
 3.—Separation and Reparation.—She Would and She Would Not.—
 Honest Frauds.
 4.—The Battle of Hexham.†—The Wedding Day.—Honest Frauds.
 5.—Fortune's Frolic.—Separation and Reparation.—Secrets Worth
 Knowing.—Honest Frauds.
 6.—The Hunter of the Alps.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Re-
 paration.—Honest Frauds.
 7.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.—A Bold Stroke for a Wife.—The
 Scape-Goat.—Honest Frauds.
 9.—Speed the Plough.—A Day after the Wedding.—Popping the Ques-
 tion.—Honest Frauds.
 10.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—High Life
 below Stairs.—Honest Frauds.
 11.—The Battle of Hexham.—Spring and Autumn.—Honest Frauds.—
 Manceuvring.
 12.—Lionel and Clarissa.—Separation and Reparation.—Honest Frauds.
 13.—She Would and She Would Not.—A Husband at Sight.‡—Modern
 Antiques.

ing the author, Mr. Lunn, had chosen a subject well calculated for the exercise of his eloquence, namely, that mere merit, unaided by patronage or puffing, had little chance of success. Some pleasing music, by Horn, was introduced. A cavatina, which the latter sung, accompanied by himself on the piano, was rapturously encored; indeed, we never heard Horn sing with greater taste or expression. We have little to say of the acting. Reeve was intended to be highly comic, and he certainly stitched a pair of shoes in a way that might lead one to imagine he had served his time with a cobbler. Mr. Webster made but an unfortunate affair of the Irishman.

* A Mrs. Evans repeated the character of Susannah. Her voice is decidedly pleasing. She was much applauded.

† Was resuscitated this evening, after having enjoyed a repose of seventeen years. Colman, in this drama, has eminently succeeded in blending romance with history; and the well-known fact of the intended assassin of Margaret being so awe-struck by the dignity of her appearance, as to be changed into her most devoted follower, is happily managed. The principal characters were respectfully sustained, on the present occasion, by Messrs. Cooper, Reeve, Miss F. H. Kelly, and Mrs. Faneit. Reeve is becoming more slovenly and vulgar in his acting every time we see him. It is to be regretted that a performer, who really possesses a thorough knowledge of the ridiculous, should have no higher ambition than to raise a laugh from some pot-house companion in the one-shilling gallery.

‡ *Dram. Pers.*—Ferdinand Louisburg, Mr. Vining. Gustavus Gundershoff, Mr. Webster. Paul Parchwitz, Mr. Williams. Villagers, &c. Augusta Polinsky, Miss Mordaunt. Catherine, Mrs. Humby. Baroness Louisburg, Mrs. W. Clifford.

The scene is laid in Germany.—The Baroness Louisburg having received intelligence that her nephew Frederick, a thoughtless and dissipated officer, intends marrying Catherine, the daughter of one of her tenants, takes advantage of his absence, to issue orders to her servants to provide a husband for the girl in the first good-looking young man they may meet. The servants seize hold of Augusta Polinsky, who is arrayed in male apparel, being in pursuit of a recreant lover. Augusta discovers that the Frederick mentioned above is the object of her pursuit, and therefore willingly consents to a union with Catherine. After the ceremony has been performed, Frederick arrives, and is so much startled at the resemblance which the bridegroom bears to his former flame, that he makes a most precipitate retreat. The newly married couple are then left alone, which places Augusta in rather an awkward predicament, the bride being anxious for certain little attentions. Her

Aug. 14.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.—Wives as they Were.*—A Husband at Sight.—Popping the Question.

16.—The Foundling of the Forest.—A Husband at Sight.—The Green-Eyed Monster.

17.—Rosina.†—The Way to Keep Him.—A Husband at Sight.

18.—The Force of Nature.—The Rencontre.—A Husband at Sight.—Honest Frauds.

19.—Clari.‡—Separation and Reparation.—A Husband at Sight.—Honest Frauds.

20.—Wives as they Were.—A Husband at Sight.—Honest Frauds.

21.—The Force of Nature.—Separation and Reparation.—A Husband at Sight.—Honest Frauds.

23.—The Goldsmith.—The Two Friends.—A Husband at Sight.—John of Paris.

24.—William Thompson.—The Young Quaker.—Popping the Question.—Husband at Sight.

25.—The Clandestine Marriage.—Honest Frauds.—A Husband at Sight.

26.—A Husband at Sight.—Ways and Means.—Spring and Autumn.—High Life below Stairs.

distresses are relieved by the entrance of Frederick, whose love has most suddenly returned for Augusta, and he is anxious to ascertain the cause of the bridegroom's extraordinary resemblance to her. An explanation of course ensues, and the curtain falls.

The incidents are lively and bustling, and ingeniously arranged; but they are not sufficient for two acts. The dialogue is easy and unassuming. In the latter respect Mr. Buckstone differs from his contemporaries; for though, like them, he never excites admiration by the brilliancy of his wit, unlike them, he never causes disgust by vain and impotent attempts at it.

Mrs. Humby's acting as the maiden so anxious to have a husband was one of the most lively, amusing, and intelligent performances we have seen for some time. This lady really possesses a style of her own; and through the aid of her dry original humour, can, like Liston, excite mirth by the delivery of the most unimportant sentences. She was greatly applauded. Webster is a most useful man; indeed, what would the Haymarket be without him? Nothing comes amiss to him. What a list has he run through this month! and all respectably sustained: Dr. Pangloss, Farmer Ashfield, Joey, Jocoso, Sir Harry, Trappanti, Sir Philip Modelove, Mr. Primrose, Leclair, &c. &c. &c. He admirably succeeded in hitting off the stern pomposity of the major domo. The other characters were well supported. The unfortunate actors at this theatre, instead of "one hour," have to strut and fret there six and seven every night. The theatre is seldom closed before one, or half-past one o'clock.

* Like all Mrs. Inchbald's comedies—full of gross exaggeration of character, and impropriety of sentiment, and interspersed with incident, broad enough for farce, and sufficiently affecting for a tragedy. Yet altogether, *Wives as they Were* amuses in representation, though horribly tedious in perusal. Miss Mordaunt played the lively and elegant votary of fashion, Miss Dorillon, and supported the lighter scenes with much ability; and in the prison scene with her father, displayed some sensibility; but her manner and action lack both variety and animation. Mr. Cooper's Sir William was admirable; there is a hauteur in his manner, well suited to the part, and he also displayed strong parental solicitude. Farren made Lord Priory look as crabbed as if his mouth were full of tartaric acid. Mrs. Glover's Miss Mary was most amusing; her penitential look, when she entreated the pecuniary assistance of Sir W., excited great laughter. Vining's Brownley was passable, but the character is a most flimsy, imperfect sketch. Mr. Brindall was unequal to the part of George Evelyn.

† Captain Belville, Mr. Healy, who was encored in "When Echo." Mrs. Evans looked too motherly for Rosina.

‡ Miss Turpin attempted Clari.

ADELPHI.

July 28.—Don Juan.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.*—The Sergeant's Wife.
 29.—Midas.†—The Skeleton Lover.—Wanted a Governess.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.
 30.—Der Vampyr.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—The Skeleton Lover.
 31.—Don Juan.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—Midas.

Aug. 2.—Der Vampyr.—Wanted a Governess.—The Skeleton Lover.
 3.—Don Juan.—Wanted a Governess.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.
 4.—Midas.—The Bottle Imp.—The Spoiled Child.‡—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.
 5.—Der Vampyr.—Wanted a Governess.—Free and Easy.
 6.—The Spoiled Child.—The Bottle Imp.—Lying made Easy.—Midas.
 7.—Der Vampyr.—Wanted a Governess.—The Bottle Imp.
 9.—Der Vampyr.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—The Bottle Imp.
 10.—Don Juan.—Wanted a Governess.—The Skeleton Lover.§
 11.—The Bottle Imp.—Highland Reel.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—Midas.
 12.—Der Vampyr.—Wanted a Governess.—Sister of Charity.
 13.—The Sergeant's Wife.—The Highland Reel.—Wanted a Governess.—The Bottle Imp.
 14.—Der Vampyr.—Pop! or, Sparrow-shooting.—The Skeleton Lover.
 16.—Cosi Fan Tutte.—Wanted a Governess.—The Bottle Imp.
 17.—Don Juan.—Wanted a Governess.—The Skeleton Lover.
 18.—Der Vampyr.—Wanted a Governess.—The Bottle Imp.
 19.—Sister of Charity.—Wanted a Governess.—The Skeleton Lover.
 20.—Cosi Fan Tutte.—Wanted a Governess.—The Quartette.—The Rendezvous.
 21.—Der Vampyr.—He Lies Like Truth.—The Bottle Imp.
 23.—Der Vampyr.—The Spring Lock.||—The Middle Temple.
 24.—The Spring Lock.—Lying made Easy.—The Bottle Imp.
 25.—Don Juan.—The Spring Lock.—The Quartette.
 26.—The Spring Lock.—The Middle Temple.—The Skeleton Lover.—Lying made Easy.

* Very justly termed in the bills a "dramatic foolery." The audience were told "to laugh, for once, in reason's spite," but they unkindly refused to obey. The plot is not worth detailing. Mr. Poole is the author.

† Apollo, Miss Coveney, who is making rapid strides towards obtaining a high station in the musical world. She was encored in "Pray Goody." But her figure and whole appearance is at present better calculated for Cupid than Apollo.

‡ Little Pickle, Miss Coveney.

§ Ebert, Mr. Hunt, who was encored in "They mourn me dead," which he sung with great taste and expression. Mrs. Keeley is really a very meritorious actress: whatever she performs, if it is the most contemptible trash imaginable, we always find her attentive to her duties.

We wish the managers would fine those blockheads who are constantly introducing their own would-be witticisms in the dialogue; it is no common tax upon the patience to have to listen to Mr. Peake's puns in *The Skeleton Lover*; but the pot-house jokes of Messrs. Keeley, Salter, &c. are really "Too much, too much, just gods, to bear." The practice is not confined to this house. Mr. Reeve, Mr. Barnett, &c. nightly perpetrate their villainous jests at the Haymarket.

|| Lorenzo, Mr. Hunt. Amarantha, Miss H. Cawse.

This theatre has been very indifferently attended during the month, but if our readers glance over the journal the cause will be apparent. We are surprised that any manager possessing common sense could suppose that the constant repetition of such novelties as *The Bottle Imp*, *The Quartette*, &c. could attract an audience.

MINOR THEATRES.

ASTLEY'S, MONDAY, AUGUST 9th.—*Paris; the Massacre of the 28th.*—The spirited managers taking advantage of the extraordinary enthusiasm which the late events in Paris have excited, produced the above spectacle. The principal occurrences described in the newspapers are very effectively dramatized. The opening scene is forcibly imagined. In a street in Paris, covered with the “dying and the dead,” a wretched widow is wandering in the hope of finding her only son, who is supposed to have fallen in the morning contest: the character was well supported by Mrs. Pope. The house is crowded every night.

SURREY, AUGUST 16.—*Vive La Liberté.*—On the same subject as the above, adapted by Mr. Osbaldeston, who represents one of the gallant students of the Ecole Polytechnique (a name that will be for ever “green in the records of posterity”) with great spirit.

This theatre is nightly filled with sailors. An honest tar was so much transported with delight at Mr. T. P. Cooke's admirable personation of Arthur Bright, that he threw half a sovereign on the stage.

COBURG.—*The Reign of Terror* has been revived. Also, *The Mutiny of the Nore.* Parker, Mr. Serle.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*The Charter, or Death.*—Another and another still succeeds. Great pains have been taken in the getting up of the above drama. It is likely to have a run. Mr. Freer, who has been lately dubbed with the title of “the Kean of minor theatres,” is, we are told, an actor of talent. We shall see him before next month.

MISCELLANIES.

ON THE ROMAN ACTORS.

It is well known how fond the Romans were of acting plays, and what great encomiums they bestowed upon Laberius, Roscius, and the famous Publius Syrus, which would not be inapplicable to some of our present actors. I find, though they were not in the habit of delivering epilogues in those times, they spoke prologues, of which I shall give my readers one as a specimen, after mentioning upon what occasion it was composed.

Laberius, whom I before mentioned, was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high spirit and pretensions; but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: he read his own plays better than any man then living could act them. P. Clodius, a dissipated and powerful nobleman, had the indecorum to press Laberius to come forward on the public stage, and take the principal character in one of his own plays. Laberius was indignant, and Clodius proceeded to menaces. “Do your worst,” said the Roman knight, “you can but send me to Dyrrachium and back again;” proudly intimating that he would suffer the like banishment with Cicero rather than consent to his demand. Julius Cæsar was no less captivated with Laberius's talents than Clodius had been; and, being a man not apt to be discouraged by common difficulties, took up the same solicitation, and assailed our Roman knight, who was now sixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline. Conscious of this, no less than his own dignity, he resisted the degrading request, but in vain: Cæsar had said it, and Laberius was obliged to comply. Cæsar intended a grand spectacle for all Rome;—a play of Laberius's was announced, and the principal part to be performed by the author himself. The theatre was thronged with spectators, and Decimus Laberius presented himself on the stage, and addressed the audience in the following prologue, which I have thus translated:

O strong Necessity ! of whose swift course
 So many feel, so few escape the force,—
 Whither, ah whither, in thy prone career,
 Hast thou decreed this dying frame to bear ?
 Me, in my better days, nor foe nor friend,
 Nor threat nor bribe, nor vanity could bend ;
 Now, lur'd by flattery, in my weaker age,
 I sink my knighthood, and ascend the stage.
 Yet muse not, therefore,—how shall man gainsay
 Him whom the deities themselves obey ?
 Sixty long years I've lived, without disgrace,
 A Roman knight ; let dignity give place :
 I'm Cæsar's actor now, and compass more
 In one short hour than all my life before.
 O Fortune ! fickle source of good and ill,
 If here to place me 'twas thy sovereign will,
 Why, when I'd youth and faculties to please

So great a master, and such guests as these,—
 Why not compel me then, malicious power,
 To the hard task of this degrading hour ?
 Where now, in what profound abyss of shame,
 Dost thou conspire with fate to sink my name ?
 Whence are my hopes ? what voice can age supply
 To charm the ear ?—what grace to please the eye ?
 Where is the action, energy, and art,
 The look that guides each passion to the heart ?
 Age creeps like ivy o'er my wither'd trunk,
 Its bloom all blasted, and its vigour shrunk :
 A tomb where nothing but a name remains
 To tell the world whose ashes it contains."

The play to which this pathetic prologue was attached was a comedy, in which Laberius took the part of a slave, and in the course of the plot (as usual) was beaten by his master. Having marked his habit with counterfeited stripes, he rushed upon the stage, and cried out amain, "In good faith, countrymen, there is an end of freedom." The indignant spectators sent up a shout of applause. Laberius, not yet content with this atonement to the manes of his knighthood, subjoined the following pointed allusion : "The man whom many fear, must needs fear many." All eyes were now turned upon Cæsar, and the degraded Laberius enjoyed a full revenge.

We may naturally suppose this conduct lost him the favour of Cæsar, who immediately took up Publius Syrus, a Syrian slave, who had been manumitted for his ingenious talents, and was acting in the country theatres with much fame. Cæsar took him out of his obscurity, and pitted him against Laberius. It was the triumph of youth and vigour over age and decay ; and Cæsar, with malicious civility, said to Laberius, "You are surpassed by Syrus, in spite of my support." As Laberius was going out of the theatre, he was met by Syrus, who was inconsiderate enough to let an expression escape him disrespectful to his veteran competitor. Laberius felt the unbecoming insult, and, turning to Syrus, gave him this extempore answer :

"To stand the first is not the lot of all ;
 'Tis now your turn to mount, and mine to fall :
 'Tis slippery ground : beware you keep your feet ;
 For public favour is a public cheat."

We need not remind the learned reader in what credit the sayings of this Publius Syrus have been justly held by all the literati, from Seneca to Scaliger, who turned them into Greek ; and it is for the honour of the fraternity of the stage, that both he and Sophron, whose moral sentences were found under Plato's pillow when he died, were actors by profession.

DRAMATICUS.

Gloucester, July 12.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEWCASTLE.—This theatre has again re-opened for a limited summer season, and again I address you in notice. The operations commenced for the race-week on Monday, June 21st, with *The Honey Moon* and *Simpson and Co.*, introducing Messrs. Warde and Meadows, and Miss Ellen Tree, in the several characters of the Duke Aranza, Jaques, Julian, Bromley, and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. The claims, qualifications, and beauties of many displays of Miss Ellen Tree's abilities, I find it unnecessary here to dilate upon, as her performances of many first-rate parts in comedy have been frequently exhibited on previous occasions, both on the Newcastle and other boards, to the high satisfaction of her audiences. Meadows also has been here before, in farce only, but his characters recently were assumptions of a higher grade, and he succeeded but moderately. To Mr. Warde, I should think, it falls out somewhat unluckily to be the party on a starring excursion with a high comedy actress, and a low comedian, by which he must per force appear in little else than comedy, while to the general idea of playgoers' notions, judging from his voice, figure, &c. he is much more decidedly fitted for heavy tragedy. His *Don Felix* and *Charles Paragon* were infinitely below, in succession, his *Octavian*, *Carwin*, and *Rolamo*. And without awarding considerable praise to the *Clari* and *Therese* of Ellen Tree, and to the *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Sir Adam Contest* of Meadows, I cannot but say with truth, that in the *Orphan of Geneva* the lady was excelled in every respect by her predecessor in the character on this stage, Mrs. W. West; and the gentleman has been equalled, if not surpassed, by many performers of old men permanently attached to this theatre at various periods.

In addition to the opening pieces, the three stars, for the most part, appeared together during the remainder of the week, in *The Wonder*, *Blue Devils*, *The Wedding Day*, *The School for Scandal*, *Perfection* (three times), *The Secret*, *The Mountaineers*, *The Youthful Queen*, *The Lottery Ticket*, *Clari*, *Popping the Question*, *The Roman Actor*, and *Therese*. On two of the nights the houses were pretty

respectable; on three of the other nights it was somewhat thin; but on the Wednesday (by bespeak) *The School for Scandal* was played to a house filled in every part. This admirable comedy was the best cast performance of many seasons, and embraced every possible aid of the company. Mr. Nicholson, the lessee, and Sir Peter Teazle of former years, in this instance *descended* to Crabtree; whilst Mr. George Gray, for the first time, played with these stars Charles Surface. Warde was excellent in *Joseph*, Meadows respectable in *Sir Peter*, and Ellen Tree charming in *Lady Teazle*. Miss Burrell's *Mrs. Candour* was, however, a failure. Emulation brings out the good points of an actor; and in *Fontaine*, the *Pastor of Geneva*, Mr. George Gray, absolutely went far to play down Warde in *Carwin*, and more than divided the applause.

The intelligence of the death of his Majesty caused the theatre to be closed for a few nights; but it opened on the 30th of June, with Signor Mortini announced from Drury-lane and Astley's, for a few nights only. He played Polichinello, *Mushapug* (*Jack Robinson*), and Scaramouch (*Don Juan*), to a most beggarly account of empty benches throughout; a fact which I am most happy here to put upon record, as I trust that this second failure in man-monkey exhibition, within a short period at this theatre, will probably deter Mr. Nicholson, or any subsequent manager, from again endeavouring to provide such a glorious intellectual and moral entertainment for the gratification of "an enlightened Newcastle audience."

Miss Phillips, "principal tragic actress from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane," played four nights, on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 9th of July, as *Juliet*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Mrs. Beverley*, *Belvidera*, *Clari*, and *Lady Racket*; and like her predecessor of a former season, and in the same range of parts and ability (Miss F. H. Kelly), Miss Phillips exhibited throughout to very scanty audiences.

I may here conclude by observing, that the present *mis*-manager's lease expires in October, and that the unanimous vote of the assembled body of

proprietors has offered and let the concern to Mr. S. Penley, the enterprizing manager of the Windsor and Richmond circuit, who will enter upon his duties here for the winter before Christmas; meanwhile, Mr. Nicholson seems determined to persevere in his old course of fairly wearing out the patience of every body, by keeping the house open nearly ten months out of twelve yearly, and he at present announces for succession in the month of August, Mr. Coney and his dog, from Drury-lane, in *The Dog of Montargis*; Mr. Yates and the royal elephant, from the Adelphi; Miss Graddon, Madame Vestris, and finally, Mr. Mathews, in himself a host.

Mr. Charles Hill, recently transplanted from this stage to figure as the Toby Varnish of the Surrey Theatre, has been another grievous lopping off of the already thinned and reduced company. This gentleman had been for two successive years permanently attached to Mr. Nicholson's corps dramatique, and it certainly was somewhat ungrateful on the part of Charles Hill to allow himself to be announced from Bath, instead of Newcastle, seeing that the audiences of the latter place were his most complacent friends in his various aspirations, and that it was from Newcastle he secured to himself his present engagement with Mr. Elliston, through the instrumentality of Mr. T. P. Cooke, whose good wishes, I presume, he had obtained when acting as Captain Crosstree and Tom King, as the support to the William and Monsieur Morbleu of the great naval performer.

During the season 1828-9, Mr. Hill stood his ground here only as second light comedian and actor; and it has been only since the abrupt departure of Mr. Simpson, that he has got respectably and creditably, albeit with no small portion of most determined mannerism, through all the first range of light comedy—Gossamer, Lord Trinket, Charles Surface, Young Rapid, Mercutio, &c., making also, as the exigencies of the company required, some tolerable experiments in tragedy, opera and outre characters; such as Pierre, St. Aldobrand, Horatio, Baron Steinfort, Henry Bertram, &c.

A. D.

CHELTENHAM—This theatre is open at present under the management of Watson, who is giving charity salaries. The stock of performers is very bad, excepting a Mr. W. H. Simson,

who has performed the Stranger, Bertrand, and several other characters, with great effect. The return of Miss Foote to these boards, which she has so often trod with such great delight, was hailed each evening by crowded audiences. Mr. Macready and M. Blanchard have been performing to almost empty benches. I went the other evening to witness the performance of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, which has been got up with great spirit, for a small provincial theatre: the audience was composed of three persons in the boxes, four in the pit, and about eight in the gallery; such is the state of theatricals in this favourite watering-place. The company is composed of six men and three women.

A. B.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Our theatre opened on Monday, Aug. 16th, when we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Kean, previous to his departure for America. This gentleman was engaged by the manager to play for six nights, and, as we anticipated, there were crowded houses every night. The first of his performances commenced with Richard the Third, a character he has been so often admired in, that it needs no comment from our pen. His conception of the monarch was all that Shakspeare intended, and his beautiful delineations equalled our most sanguine expectations. We cannot avoid regretting that Britain will so shortly be deprived of one of its best actors, and that America will have the honour of receiving to her shores FOR EVER the only true representative of Shakspeare's characters. The remainder of his engagement he played Shylock, Othello, Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, and King Lear. For his benefit the house was crowded to an overflow. Having said thus much of Mr. Kean's abilities, it would be an act of injustice to conclude our remarks without noticing the general excellence of the company, particularly Mr. Burton. We pronounce this gentleman to be the best provincial actor in his line in the kingdom: his Adam Brock, in *Charles the Twelfth*, is excellent; his Mawworn in *The Hypocrite*; Marall, Crack, Neddy Bray, Lubin Log, Launcelot Gobbo, and Mr. Primrose, in *Popping the Question*, are some of his principal characters; added to which, this gentleman is a great favourite here and round the circuit. He is decidedly an original actor.

F. R. T. CRISP.

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ELIZ TH BARRY.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine



J. Rogers, Sc.

MADAM VESTRIS,
AS OLIVIA,
IN JOHN OF PARIS.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine.